

## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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W. P. WALTON.

## THE CURIOUS PALM CRAB.

Since I have "Eggs"—How the Crabs Gather Nuts—Curious Yarns.  
[New York Sun.]

"They have a curious crab in the Splice Islands," continued the skipper. "They call it the palm crab. The scientific name is *Ilrgas laeta*. I was visiting a friend there, and one night he asked if I wouldn't like to take a look at his pigs that were being fattened for the table. I said certainly, and we went to a sort of a pen made of bamboos, and what do you suppose he had? Crabs! Yes, those palm crabs. They were Splice Island pigs, and I reckon some of them weighed a matter of twelve pounds, others five and six. They were curious things, and looked like half spider and half crab. If you have ever seen a hermit crab out of its shell, try to imagine one with its tail covered with hard plates, and about five times as large as anything you ever saw. They are great red claws, throw in a lot of short hairs, bristles and feelers, and you have the palm crab."

"When I first saw one it reminded me of those fantastic figures that hop out of boxes when you raise the lid. The palm crabs are found in various countries of the east, and always in holes at the foot of palm trees, and to give you an idea of the amount of the nuts they eat, the Malays make a regular business of collecting the husks which they find in the nests and making them into mats and various articles of domestic use. You might wonder how the crabs get at the nuts; they climb the trees and pick them off with their big claws, and if you have ever tried to do the same with your hands you will appreciate the strength of the crab. Sometimes the nut is brought down, but often dropped, the crab following it down. It then tears off the husk with its big claws, always commencing at the end at which the two holes are placed, and when they come into play it brings one of its small claws into play and cuts it in and picks out the nut. Sometimes they break the shell by hammering it on a rock."

"This friend of mine told me some curious yarns about the crab. One time, when a lot of natives were off on a crab hunt, one of them nearly lost his ears from them. They went for them at night, and as one of the men took hold of a crab, or, as he called it, a nut, to give it a shake, a big crab that happened to be clinging to the nut, jumped on his ear and nearly lifted him off the ground. He would have torn his ear off if it were not for the fact that he killed the brute with a club. They are very fine eating, and are fattened on rice and various kinds of food, and I tell you as well as chickens here or any other game. China is a great place for native palm nutcrackers—that is, they dig up pieces of everything, from an elephant's tooth to a diamond—any and one of their curious tricks out of a fossil crab that they work out and grind into powder. Soft shell is good enough for me."

## Tackling a Devil Fish.

[New York Sun.]

Some years ago some devil fish appeared in a harbor where several schooners were lying, and the sailors, who were Swedes, and had never seen one of the fish before, saw them playing around in the harbor, and thought it would be a good joke to spear one. So they took a light skiff and a pair of oil barrels, and sailed out, and as they belonged to the schooner and sailed out, and were joined by the other boats. In a short time one of the boats got alongside of a sea lion, and a rouser it was too. When they struck it, they had thought the whole bottom had been hit, and a second later that boat was rushing up the harbor at a rate she never went before. It was a third boat, though, and the fish had to turn, and the skiff was jerked around so quickly that she had tilted, and one man was flung overboard!

"Up the channel they went, some yelling for the boat and others shouting at the fish, as it was evident that she would fill in a minute, but it happened that the only man who had a knife had been dropped overboard, and as they could not get the line untied, they had to let it go. They and afterward they were about to jump overboard and let everything go, when the fish changed its course and headed right for one of the schooners. They had to jump then, anyhow, and as they went overboard, the fish struck her side with a crash, and was knocked all to pieces. The dead plank, as they found out later, to which the line was fast, went off with the fish. The men were picked up, and two days later the devil fish floated ashore. It measured about eighteen feet across, and it was estimated to weigh a ton."

## Pay-Day in the Turkish Army.

[Contraband Letter.]

One evening an officer landed into the cabin of a *hosphorus steamer*, just after it had left port, and, assuming a clerk who was doing at the table:

"Oh, here you are!"

"Well, have you the money?"

"Yes."

"Can't it wait?"

"Then for a few minutes there was the clink of small coin, as one after another, each little pile, carefully scrutinized in the waning light, was laid aside. At last, with considerable care, about a dozen piles were made, and the officer leaned back on the sofa and nursed his knees."

"Call the men in!" And forthwith a sergeant and his men came in, in turn, to receive each a pile of coin. "There, my boy, there is your money for today. There, my son, is yours, and there is some more for the tall fellow with a beard that lives over by the dried-fruit market. Now go and be sure and get your bath to-morrow." So the comments went until the last two piles were reached, when the officer began to fear that more would come in than could be supplied. He repeated very carefully: "I have only got enough for two more. List the rest out."

Such is pay-day in the Turkish army.

## Dropper of Delay.

[Antebellum Advocate.]

A gentleman with his wife, lately visited one of the Attolero cemeteries with one of the directors of the place, for the purpose of selecting a lot. After inquiring the price he asked if he must pay in advance, and got the reply: "Well, no, I guess you are good for it, only if you don't pay right down you will be expected to bury some of your folks within two years."

## THE BROTHERS.

An Entertaining and Instructive Serial Story.

Written Expressly for the Interior Journal.

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS.

## CHAPTER XV.

My eyes confess it, My every action speaks my heart aloud!—byrden.

## EDWARD'S GRIEF.

Dr. Cligney had entirely recovered from his illness. There was no longer an excuse for Edward's presence in the dull, silent house he had brightened so.

He had confided his honest grief to Dr. Cligney and had received the deepest and tenderest sympathy.

"We must all have sorrow, it seems, even you; it is the way in which we take them that the difference lies. I took mine wrong and my life was all wrong, until you came into it, with your love for God, unselfishness, patience and gentleness towards every one. All things work together for good to those who do as you, and I believe this trouble will pass away leaving you even happier than before. But I can't give you up Edward, you must stay with me, I'll come over this evening and see if some arrangements can not be made that will be satisfactory to all, until then good bye."

After Edward had gone around bidding Stephens, Mose, Jackey and every animal and man in the place good bye and had gone, Dr. Cligney went all over the house unfasting doors and windows and opening the great house to the air and sunlight.

Stephens stopped crying long enough to listen, then threw her apron over her head and cried more than ever. "I feel like someone was dead," she told the gardener, "the house is like a tomb without him."

"That is so," said Mose, drawing his cotton sleeve across his eyes, then raking away vigorously. "The brudder is a handsome young man. I neber seed rich eyes, but dey sees clear from you. Ef I done a mean thing I'd hate to look at him. A fine young man, but he ain't Mr. Edward, he's good from and from."

"What is the matter with you two?" said the Dr. coming suddenly upon them, while Mose hung his head and struck out with his rake as if galvanized.

"It's Mr. Edward, master, the house ain't right without him."

"I," said the Dr., "now would you like for me to bring him here to stay always?"

"Oh master, do you mean it?" cried the delighted Stephens, while Mose changed his whimper to a broad grin.

"See to your duties, Stephens, and quit crying, it will all be right."

"I would have amused you to see Stephens run to the house like a girl, flutter from one object to another in her great joy, but I would have pleased a circus rider to have seen Mose watch his master out of sight, then throw his hoe from him as far as possible, stand on his head in the dirt, dirt, then turn somersaults and hand springs and go through pantomime that only a monkey or a negro would."

Before the end of the week arrangements had all been made for Mrs. Graham to take the position of house-keeper for Dr. Cligney, this merely a name to gain her consent to come at all.

She had received the kind offer with a very great reluctance and had very decidedly refused until Dr. Cligney had told her that Edward was his good genius and as they could not get the line untied, they had to let it go. They and afterward they were about to jump overboard and let everything go, when the fish changed its course and headed right for one of the schooners. They had to jump then, anyhow, and as they went overboard, the fish struck her side with a crash, and was knocked all to pieces. The dead plank, as they found out later, to which the line was fast, went off with the fish. The men were picked up, and two days later the devil fish floated ashore. It measured about eighteen feet across, and it was estimated to weigh a ton."

Added to all which the Dr. could say was Edward's entreaties and at last Mrs. Graham consented to go.

There was a great deal of work going on at Dr. Cligney's. The house was renovated from top to bottom, the rich furniture uncovered and changes made. The brightest room in the house was chosen for Edward, opening out of it was a room fitted up as a study for the two boys. There they brought their father's books and added to those of the Dr. an extensive library was formed.

Here the brothers would spend their mornings, Henry perusing his law studies and Edward studying theology, for of late he had shown a decided preference for that kind of reading.

"Why is it that you study theology so persistently, brother?" asked Henry one day seeing Edward unusually wrapped in that study.

"I hardly know, I like it," Edward faltered.

"What has come between us of late, brother? why do you sit so often silent and apart when you used to be so bright and happy and the other night you sobbed in your sleep and your face was wet with tears, tell me what it is that distresses you?"

and Henry going over to where his brother sat and taking the book gently from his hand laid it on the table, then passing his arm around his shoulder drew him nearer to him, "tell me all about it, you used to do long ago, let no barrier of silence or reserve ever be between us."

A frightened look came into Edward's eyes, a flush crept up to the roots of his hair,

then went away leaving him deadly pale, he covered his face for a moment with his trembling hands.

"Tell me," urged Henry gently, "what is it?"

"It is nothing," said Edward, rallying with a strong effort, "indeed, indeed it is nothing. I am weak, ill, there is nothing, believe me there is nothing that can come between my love and you," and obeying an impulse he could not resist he threw his arm around his brother's neck, then disengaging himself from Henry's arms he hastily left the room.

Henry was surprised and troubled; what could it mean? They had been far more intimate than brothers usually are. One had never kept even a thought from the other, their joy and their sorrows had been heightened and lightened by discussion with each other, and Henry knew more than any one beside the pure and gentle spirit of his brother. What was the matter? what had broken that intimacy and made his brother so silent and sad? why did his eyes drop when he looked at him or why did he start guiltily when spoken to or come upon suddenly?

The door opened and Dr. Cligney entered, went to Edward's table and taking up a book started from the room.

"Dr. Cligney?"

The old man stopped instantly, there was something in the hesitating way, the rest less glance, which looked extremely as though he was expecting to be questioned. "Dr. Cligney will you let me ask you a few questions? There is something the matter with Edward, he is distressed about something which he keeps from me and which is making him ill; do you know what it is? will you tell me?" asked Henry anxiously.

The Dr. turned the book slowly over in his hands, looking very hard at the name. "Yes," he said, after a pause, "there is something the matter, he is distressed, I fear with nervous prostration, and needs a tonic and rest and being left alone; don't worry him or notice any little peculiarity in his manner. He will come around in a few days."

The Dr. was right. There was no longer cause of complaint against Edward. He was his old self, cheerful and quiet; he no longer sought solitude, but stayed with his brother even more than ever. He saw that he must take a guard over his actions that Henry might not suspect the cause of his sorrow. "I will try not to think of her," would be his resolve, made every hour almost in the day.

But every favor shown by Julia to his brother brought a spasm of pain to his heart, and after every foolish rhapsody from Henry who never tired of talking about her, he would go away by himself and fight it out alone.

Often in the night he would wake from some happy dream of her with her name on his lips, to find his brother slumbering at his side and his room silent and dark.

"It is all a dream! she does not love me but him! no one loves me, no one, only God now! why did I not die when I fell into the water? what have I done that I should suffer so? I do not want to love or dream of her, but I can not help it; the darkness is never so dense but I can see her face shining in it, silence so deep, but that her voice rings through it. Oh Julia! you fill my life; God pity and help me but it is true. What shall I do, oh what! I do!" mourned the wretched boy.

He lay away from Mr. Darnleigh's, always pleading some excuse, when Henry wished him to accompany him.

One morning as Dr. Cligney watched the two boys at their studies and saw how restless Edward seemed and how often his eyes wandered from his book, he turned to his brother who sat near him darning table linen. "I am going to send Edward to a college," Mrs. Graham looked up quickly. "Yes," said the Dr., "we'd miss him I know, but he must go, he needs the advantage of a new course of study and a change of place."

"You are very kind," said the lady, replying the grateful tears which rose to her eyes, "but you don't like to be thanked; Edward doesn't look very well of late," she added a little sadly, then her eyes moved from him and rested on her oldest son, who was visible through the open window, his dark head resting on his hand deep in study.

"A grand looking fellow," said the Dr. following her eyes, "yes, and as grand as he looks; he will make his way and a good one it will be, no fear for him."

"No fear for Edward, either," said the Dr. quickly, "his will be a different life, but just as successful, I don't know what course he will choose, but it will be right I know."

"That I confess troubles me," said the lady, "what is best for him to do; he is not strong enough for manual labor, and to sensitive and fearful of giving pain to be successful as either a lawyer or doctor, I have never spoken to him on the subject deeming it best to let him select for himself."

"You were right, it is best; each one knows better than others can where their talents and inclinations lie. Edward is too true a man to sit idly dreaming and let the world pass him without an effort to rise and do his duty."

After this there was a silence during which Mrs. Graham was fully conscious that Dr. Cligney was intently watching her. The fingers which held the nee-

dle trembled violently, then she put up her hand to feel for the little muslin and lace cap which she had worn ever since she had become Dr. Cligney's housekeeper, it was not there, she had accidentally left it off. She raised her head in some alarm and met the searching eyes of the man before her.

For a moment they looked at each other, a mute appeal in the dark, frightened eyes of the lady, the man's growing stony with surprise, he rose, took a step and stopped before her.

"Mary Austin!"

"Mark!" she whispered, rising also and facing him; then before he could speak again she went on in a firm voice, too low for the boys in the next room to hear.

"I am not here and safe as you think me I was true to you until then, my father and Ben, told me tales about you, forged letters and made me believe that you were married; showed me a false notice of your marriage which they had inserted in a paper. Then Ben urged me to marry him and in my despair and mortified pride I did so; we went away, no need to tell you how wretched I was, how I learned how false he was. He died soon, but not before my father I was entirely alone, I did not want to come back to the old scene, so I took the position of governess in a family; there I met Mr. Graham for whom I entertained a high respect. I married him, the rest you know. You wanted my son, I could not give him up, neither could I deprive you of what seemed necessary to your happiness, the past was dead between us, I hoped that twenty years and the little city which I wore would leave you to ignorance of whom I really was; they have failed, I will go away and trouble you no more. Mark, I have told you the whole truth, my soul is laid bare before you."

She started toward the door. "Mary," he called, stretching out his hands. She paused, but did not raise her eyes. "I have wronged you all these years; I was to blame for it all; I see it now, I should not have left you so long open to the wiles of Ben Cligney, we have both suffered enough, Mary; one tie binds us together, Edward, the wasted years call for reparation at our hands; the fates have thrown us once more together; I can see that time nor change nor separation has changed your heart; be true to it and let us begin where we left off twenty years ago; will you Mary?"

Stephens coming in a little later was struck dumb with astonishment at sight of the two sitting side by side holding each other's hands, looking into each other's eyes as if the twenty years had never been.

It was not hard to look into the happy face before her and recognize Mary Austin. Stephens covered her hands and even her dress with kisses, dropping her hot tears on them.

"I have often been tempted to tell you who I was, Stephens, but was afraid," said the lady.

"I have always loved you and believed in you my lady, always," cried the delighted Stephens.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

—An explosion in a colliery near Manchester, England, entombed 190 miners alive.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

THURLEY, GEORGE B. TRAYNE, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." For sale by Penny & McAlister.

ITCH cured in 30 minutes by Wolff's Sundry Lotion. This lotion will cure all itching of the skin, whether it be caused by scabies, or by the use of Shiloh's Consumption Cure." For sale by Penny & McAlister.

That Dirty Dandruff

Dandruff is dirty and disagreeable in every way. It soils the clothing continually and is accompanied by a whiff of a most annoying emanation of itching. The scalp is diseased. There is nothing in the world so thoroughly adapted to this trouble as Parker's Hair Ointment. It cleanses and heals the scalp, stops the itching hair and restores its original richness, gloss and color. Is not only highly perfumed, a pleasant dressing. Very economical, only a small occasional application keeps the hair in perfect condition.

## What Parents Fear.

Many persons—especially parents—object to many quick postures as likely to engender or encourage a love for strong drink. They are right. Better direct disease than of drunkenness. The use of Parker's Tonic does not involve this danger. It not only builds up the system, curing all ailments of the stomach, liver and kidneys, but it stimulates without intoxicating and absolutely cures the appetite for liquor.

## THIS IDEA OF GOING WEST

to Colorado or New Mexico, for pure air to relieve Consumption, is a mistake. Any reasonable man would use Dr. Bosank's Cough and Lung Syrup for Consumption in all its first stages. It never fails to give relief in all cases of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pains in the Chest and all affections that are essentially primary to Consumption. Price, 75 cents and \$1.00. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

## TRY IT YOURSELF.

The proof of the pudding is in a chewing the string, but in having an opportunity to try the article yourself. McRoberts & Stagg, the Druggists, have a free trial bottle of Dr. Bosank's Cough and Lung Syrup for anyone to try who is afflicted with Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption or any Lung Affection.

## CURE FOR PILES.

Piles are frequently produced by a course of weakness in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, heaviness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a very common attention. Blind, bleeding and itching Piles yield to the application of Dr. Bosank's Pile Ointment, which acts directly upon the parts affected, soothing the tissues, allaying the intense itching and promoting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address the Dr. Bosank Medicine Co., Piquette, Ohio. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

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TAYLOR BROS.  
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In endless variety, daintily in quality and satisfactory in price; this we guarantee. Our aim shall be at all times to supply every want in our line.

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Consists of the Standard Brands of Europe and America. Our large line of Cooking Stoves includes the justly celebrated "Great Western Heater" and many other family favorites. Our China, Glass and Queensware stock consists in part of Table, Tea and Chamber Sets complete, Glassware richly cut and etched. In the way of Breadstuffs we name Buckwheat Flour, the queen of all flours. Our celebrated Patent "M." Flour, unrivaled for cake and pastry, while Rice and Hominy, our own patriotic products, arrayed as faithful adjuncts. All the delicacies in Foreign and Domestic Confectionery are here. Tin, Stone, Wooden and Willowware, Electric Lamps, Stationery, Canned Meats and Fruits and a complete line of Cigars and Tobacco. Well, this is only a hint of what we have. Relying that we can make it to your interest, we cordially ask an examination of our goods and your patronage.

Respectfully,  
TAYLOR BROTHERS.

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Sleeping CarsLouisville to Chicago,  
Cincinnati to Chicago,  
Indianapolis to Chicago.

THROUGH TIME TABLE

Via Louisville:

Via Cincinnati:

Daily. Trains leave as follows:

Lvs. Louisville..... 7:45 a.m. 1:15 p.m.

Arr. Cincinnati..... 1:30 p.m. 8:30 a.m.

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